TRUE BLUE will never ſtain.

A

BALLAD.

LET thoſe that love *Helicon* ſip at the Stream,
And weaken'd by Water effeminate dream;
No Aid I'll invoke from a Tea-drinking Muſe,
Come, bumper me, *Bacchus*, to toaſt the *True Blues*.
Tantararara True-Blue, *&c.*

No Death-dealing Heroe's loud Rants I rehearſe,
No ſighing poor *Strephon* ſhall whine in my Verſe;
To Friendſhip, Love, Freedom, this Sonnet is due,
I name them all three, when I toaſt a *True-Blue*.
Tantararara True-Blue, *&c.*

For Dulneſs wrong'd Nature to *Newton* appeal'd,
His Skill pierc'd the Skies, and bright Viſion reveal'd;
He examin'd each Colour, and found, by cloſe View,
One Chief, one unchang'd, and he nam'd it *True-Blue*.
Tantararara True-Blue, *&c.*

To embelliſh with Science the Sons of the Earth,
Olympus the Goddeſs of Wiſdom brought forth;
To her Eyes gave a Luſtre that ſhot you quite thro',
And that Luſtre was ting'd with a Beam of *True-Blue*.
Tantararara True-Blue, *&c.*

When the *Spring*, like our Circle, rejoices and blooms,
And *Flora*'s gay Carpet is fill'd with Perfumes;
Fair *Phœbus* is pleas'd azure Skies to look thro',
Sun-ſhine and Good-humour reſide with *True-Blue*.
Tantararara True-Blue, *&c.*

Heroes, Stateſmen, and Patriots triumphantly wear
The azure ſlant Bandage, the Breaſt-luſtred Star;
To the nobleſt of High-bloods this Emblem is due,
The Ribband of Honour is glorious *True-Blue*.
Tantararara True-Blue, *&c.*

This Colour alone incorrupted remains,
Thro' the World 'tis allow'd that *True-Blue* never ſtains;
Therefore each ſocial Son always wears it in View,
To ſhew that at Heart he is purely *True-Blue*.
Tantararara True-Blue, *&c.*

To Sapience, to Science, this Order's ally'd,
And Truth and good Senſe with this Order reſide;
Till Truth and good Senſe to this Land bids adieu,
In Glory ſhall flouriſh our Order, *True-Blue*.
Tantararara True-Blue, *&c.*